THE WILD MAN'S LEXICON, BY LEONARD BACON

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXV No. 12 New York, Saturday, March 21, 1942 Fifteen Cents

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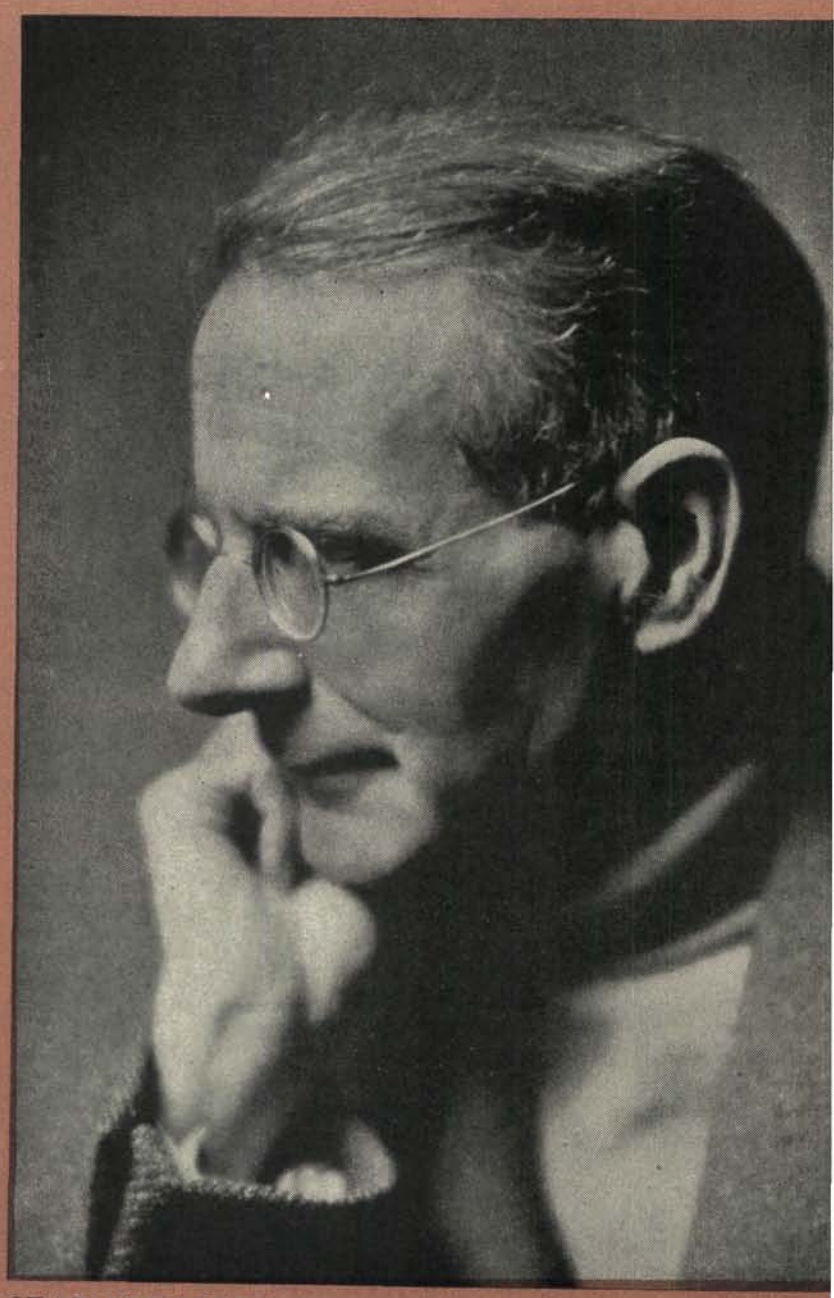

SEAN O'CASEY's "pen arouses an emphatic demand for more." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Wild Man's Lexicon

LEONARD BACON

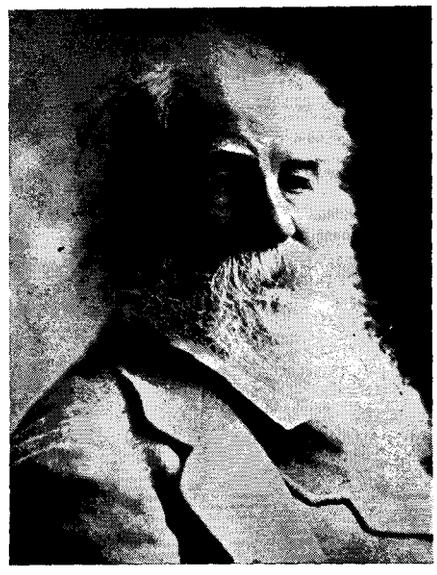
THE subject of national and racial hatreds (they are not the same but are similar) is a difficult one. Generally we are, to all intents, born with them. They envelop us so that we wonder about them no more than we habitually wonder about magnetism or gravity. Most people, I think, are uncomfortable when for any reason elemental natural forces come on the carpet. A man is felt to be cold-blooded and inhuman who drags the law of the inverse squares into a conversation. Perhaps it is a cold-blooded thing to do, for if he knows what the law means the chances are fifty to one that his auditors do not. And it is properly considered bad form to instruct persons who have no desire to be instructed. But national and racial hatreds, though they feel like natural forces, are not in fact so, unless they are made so. And it is a sad circumstance that we have done our fair share to bring this to pass. By we, I mean the classes in all countries to whom somewhat unintelligently the term intelligentsia is applied.

I am going to begin with a special case because it is that of a man whose name was not so long ago on everyone's lips, whose book swept this country "like influenza" and who was felt by the simple and the kind to be a writer who would take us back to simplicity and kindness. His name was and is Giovanni Papini and he will not take us back to simplicity and kindness, though he was already a very famous person when I went to live in Italy in 1928. There I was told that if I wanted to drink of the pure spring I must get hold of a book called "Dizionario dell' Omo Salvatico" which Papini wrote with a person named Giuliotti, otherwise unknown to me though doubtless something in his home town. The title means "The Wild Man's Lexicon," and the work is amusing. It is a sort of "dictionaire philosophique," written with great brio and verve in very choice Italian. But I was particularly struck by some sentences concerning America, here translated, I suppose, for the first time.

"America is the home of millionaire uncles, the country of trusts, of skyscrapers, of the phonograph, of electric cars, of lynch law, of the unbearable Washington, of the tedious Emerson, of the homosexual Whitman, of the nauseating Longfellow, of the angelic Wilson, of Morgan the philanthropist, of the undesirable Edison, and other great men of the same stamp. As some slight compensation, we have from America also tobacco which poisons and syphilis which festers, chocolate which disgusts, potatoes which lie heavy on the stomach, and the Declaration of Independence which a little later begat the declaration of the rights of man.

"From this it may be deduced that the discovery of America, although performed by a man who had his saintly aspects, was willed by God in 1492 as a repressive and preventive penalty on all the other great discoveries of the Renaissance, namely, gunpowder, humanism, and protestantism."

Mr. Papini elsewhere refers ferociously to some one like John Wesley as a hemorrhoid of Luther. But the point needs no laboring. What interests me is his negative reaction with respect to all things American. Where does all this fury come from? What is it about? Why should a man as cultivated as Mr. Papini, for he is cultivated in the sense that he has read many books and has developed his memory, why should such a person feel so mortal an antipathy?



Walt Whitman: Hardly a hero to the Papinis.

His indictment is not uninstructive. And I for one should never ask him to approve of lynch law. I even admit that it would be unfair to require an Italian to admire Woodrow Wilson in 1930. Most of his other points against us are, however, at least open to question. He has a private right to any antipathy he may feel against the individuals he scarifies. But to dismiss Washington as unbearable is irresistibly absurd. That syphilis originated in America has, I think, never been proved to the satisfaction of any physician worthy the name. The English thought it came from France, the French from Italy, which is at least as likely as that it originated in America. But it is useless to refute him on this or any other point. For the fact is he hates us in the first instance, and, as a logical Latin, is looking around for reasons, any reasons, to justify a dislike he feels anyhow.

That dislike is not personal to Mr. Papini, though he does his best to make it appear so. It is just plain national hatred, naked and, after its manner, unashamed. Nor are we alone as the objects of Mr. Papini's detestation. He hates the Germans quite as much and must enjoy the alliance with them in a somewhat special sense. And he hates many other nations in the same manner for the excellent reason that Italy feels inferior to many other nations. But the fact is immaterial. The point is that, whether he knows it or not, national hatred is by way of being an asset to a writer. A good, blasting denunciation of foreigners who have not harmed you makes entertaining reading, and doesn't get the writer into trouble—at home. It enables one to look a bit of a swashbuckler, a stout fellow who isn't afraid to call Whitman a pederast and Washington a bore. By subtle implication it further suggests that pederasts and bores are unknown in Italy, though the contrary can easily be proved. Attack is often the best defense. In short the proposition that we are the best people in the world isn't a bad line for a

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writer to take in one sense for it assures him of some support though not the best that his audience may happen to afford. And a lonely man of talent is always particularly flattered by the faintest flicker of herd enthusiasm, perhaps more so than an actual demagogue.

And this is especially true, if one has the misfortune to belong to a nation which since the Renaissance has been and still is the laughing stock of Europe. A very nice Italian once asked me this odd question: "Do we really seem like monkeys to you?" I hardly knew what to answer. But it is true that nobody laughed at Spain in her decadence, whereas Italy's tragedy is felt to be a comic-opera, for reasons I for one consider unjust. Her history since 1848 is one long series of disasters and betrayals. It is hardly necessary to repeat that in 1870 she betrayed imperial France to whom her liberation and unification were due; that in 1914 she betrayed imperial Germany to whom she was firmly allied; that in 1936 she attacked Abyssinia whom she had brought into the League of Nations and with whom she had a treaty; that in 1940 she stabbed republican France in the back, since when she has suffered a practically unparalleled series of catastrophes. Her very rare victories have the air of accidents that happened to turn out well. The people, contrary to current slander, are dogged and brave. But the leadership is generally on the incompetent side. And the sort of thing that a Russian attaché might say to a German confrère at the manoeuvers in peacetime, if repeated, might rankle. I may add that it was certain to be repeated. This is no fun for a people with a great history. Accordingly they met the stream of European innuendo with hatred. And the fact that they were really admired by the English and Americans went for nothing. Instead, the steady seasonal flow of tourists interested in the Italian past made chauvinists rather than cosmopolitans out of natives interested in the Italian present. And beyond any doubt this is going to have a bad effect on the Italian future—if any. For it has thrown them back on themselves and made them perhaps the most self-centered race in Europe.

Not even the French are so engrossed in their own tight, one might say, air-tight culture. The French occasionally without compulsions have recognized other modes of life as possible, even probable. There actually are great works on the literature and history of other nations in French. Paris was until recently as near to being a cosmopolitan city as the world has seen. But learned Italians are not curious about the activity of those whom they frankly call barbarians, and would much rather tell you what you don't know about them than find out something they don't know about you. And this attitude has of course been intensified by an expert ever since the apocryphal March on Rome.

So I think it may be said without much injustice that Mr. Papini simply gave rein to unreason much in the manner of the late Cole Blease or Governor Talmadge or Senator Nye and that in his way, in spite of his reading, he represents a form of thought no higher than theirs. His prejudice isn't the result of as much investigation as a Cook's tourist gives to the history of the Medici during ten days in Florence. It has no foundations in the rational—only in the national and in the least attractive aspect of the national, the aspect which derives a dyspeptic satisfaction from the denial of virtues in some one who it is feared may prove to be a rival. It is always silly to do that, particularly if the potential rival possesses the virtues in question. Mr. Papini has his share of this form of silliness. He was visibly distressed on the only occasion I ever met him because Sinclair Lewis had just won the Nobel Prize. It was, if I remember, Jack London whom he preferred as a more significant writer. It is not necessary to waste any more time about his ultramontane vagaries.

What I want to drive at is this. We are idiots if we employ like Mr. Papini the methods of Lord Haw-Haw. The fact that we don't like the Japanese, however good our reasons, does not make them mere clever monkeys who can develop the ideas of their betters but have no originality. Does the absolutely brilliant and colossally daring plan that they are trying to carry out against us look like mere aping of the superior Western mind? It won't help to talk about them as Mr. Papini talks about us. That is merely wasting to no purpose the useful power of anger which at a critical moment should go into the smooth performance of duties which human beings, as opposed to wild men, never have cared much about. When our war-machine is running as smoothly as theirs, it will be time to talk about imitativeness and lack of originality. Meanwhile, we can actually hurt ourselves by telling each other about weaknesses our adversaries haven't got.

And to do so is to become merely a wild man, who, like Mr. Papini, thinks that Kant is unimportant because he was German and Herbert Spencer because he was English. On those principles one must not listen to Beethoven and Brahms. It would be immoral to read Rilke or Rimbaud. They are not part of the race complex, the parochial, limited, idiosyncratic, yet vulgar ideal, neither human nor humane, for which

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 12, March 21, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Still Knocking at the Door

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 356 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

SEAN O'CASEY concluded his first volume of autobiography, "I Knock at the Door," by saying: "Well, he'd learned poethry and had kissed a girl. If he hadn' gone to school, he'd met scholars; if he hadn' gone into the house, he had knocked at the door." In this second volume he also meets scholars (of a sort); he does more than just kiss a girl—the natural simplicity and realism of this incident is a relief after the *cojones* school of modern fiction—; he is still knocking at the door. At least, so it seems to me, although O'Casey's conclusion is that "he was staying too long in the Hallway looking at the pictures. All done by others. Very beautiful and strong, but all done by others. He'd have to start now doing things for himself. Create things out of his own life. He'd begin to make pictures himself; ay, pictures, too, that would be worth hanging in the Hallway for other people to see."

When reviewing "I Knock at the Door" here a couple of years ago, I suggested that those first twelve years of the author's life might have been compressed, and the narrative brought up to the time of the Easter Insurrection in 1916. But, evidently, Sean O'Casey has planned his story on a more detailed scale, for here we find him only in his early adolescence, long before he began to "make pictures himself," those pictures which have made him the foremost figure in that postwar literary generation of Irish writers, Seán O'Faoláin, Daniel Corkery, and Frank O'Connor, who somehow survive under the totalitarian censorship of the Eire government. Just as he so sensitively, and with that peculiar cynical wistfulness of Dublin, etched the introspective, observant "Protestant Kid" of the Dublin Slums, so he now shows us the same boy in his teens, getting his first jobs, eagerly filling his head with history and "poethry," and surrendering timidly but cheerfully to what an eminent Irish ecclesiastic once described as "the degrading passion of love."

Quoting the Scriptures, as usual, with ironical intent, O'Casey uses the Joycean pun in this connection, saying: "And the morning and evening were the sexth day." If a comment in the same manner be permitted, I may say that there is much re-Joycing, excellent, good, bad, and indifferent here: "And the morning and evening were the seheaventh day"; "sang-freud"; "an insect seculorum life"; "Mariar Curehelli"; the churches of "St. Burnupus" and "St. Damaman"; the evangelical proprietors of "Hymdim, Leadem & Company." Whether the eager exegetists of "Ulysses" will ever have to turn their inventive or sleuthing talents to O'Casey's autobiography remains to be seen. They will find lots of those references and allusions requiring purely local knowledge, with which our chroniclers of Dublin like to baffle their readers. The firm facetiously nicknamed, for example, was Hampton, Leedom & Company, and the wholesale newsagent, disguised as "Jason & Son," is Eason & Son.

The book opens with the death of Parnell—1891—and connoisseurs may compare the resulting commotion with the famous chapter in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Here O'Casey writes a characteristic bravura piece, in the form of a broadcast from heaven by Saint Patrick, somewhat akin to "The Protestant Kid Thinks of the Reformation" in the previous volume. It is a masterpiece of fantastic eloquence, a diatribe in the grand manner, and as packed with historical and political allusions and ellipses as "The Battle of the Boyne," in the final chapter. Both can be enjoyed for the rush of their frothy prose, or used as a setting-up exercise for the glossators to whom I have already referred. The author has made this type of fantasmagoria in his own, despite the overtones of Joyce, and he uses it frequently in this book with as much effect as in "The Silver Tassie" or "Within the Gates": the boy daydreaming about the Invincibles in Kilmainham Prison, or listening to a street-organ on his way home.

A clergyman and a schoolmaster were the rather over-drawn villains of "I Knock at the Door," but this time Sean O'Casey gives the parson his due, and even dedicates the book to a member of the Cloth, in memory of past kindlinesses, presumably the basis of some of the best pages in this story. Protestant Ireland is nothing, if not Low Church, and we get a veracious picture of the occasional fights against High Church "Romanism," likewise an excellent portrait of an anti-Orangeman, Nationalist, Episcopalian rector in Dublin, a type commoner than is dreamt of in the philosophy of the Six Northern Counties, and one that has been neglected by most Irish novelists. I have known parsons who preached (heresy!) in Irish at Saint Patrick's Cathedral on March 17, which is a *national* celebration in Ireland, not a *sectarian* one, as in New York.

—Painting by M. Lois Murphy, from the collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

This time, the villains of the piece are Sean O'Casey's first employers. In his bitter exposure of labor and housing conditions, as seen by "Johnny Casside," one can divine the future associate of Larkin and Connolly in the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and the author of "The Story of the Irish Citizen Army," O'Casey's first book, signed by the Irish form of that name. His work with the wholesale newsagent, and with the Dublin distributing office of the then popular Harmsworth publications, provides O'Casey with an opportunity to excoriate the beginnings of information and entertainment for half-wits, as "All Heaven and Harmsworth Too." One remembers those picture-puzzle and other competitions, offering "two pounds a week for life" as prizes. "Goethe's last wish for more light at last fulfilled. A roaring British Buddha. He comes, he comes, he comes o'er the waters to me. Pieoneers, O Pieoneers."

The early days of Sinn Fein, of the Irish Language Movement; Dublin's pro-Boer demonstrations, against the inevitable roll-call of Irish generals: Roberts, Kitchener, Kelly-Kenny, French, Mahon—thus the background of those far-away years is filled in, glowing with a nostalgic innocence now vanished from the world for ever. Feeling then ran high, and O'Casey pictures the emblems and flags with which the pro-Boers identified themselves. The only opposition he admits is that of the British authorities. He might have included the pro-British element, which also paraded, men and women wearing button, brooch, and tiepin miniature photographs of Buller, Gatacre, Baden Powell, Methuen, and others, in addition to the Irish soldiers aforesaid. When these crowds clashed with those flaunting equivalent buttons of Cronje, Kruger, De Wet, Botha, Arthur Lynch, and John McBride, there were scenes worthy of his pen. But that pen has again achieved a superb piece of evocation, and arouses an emphatic demand for more.

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Directions in Democracy

THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN. By W. T. Stace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 311 *pp.* $3.

THE GOOD INHERITANCE: The Democratic Chance. By Norman Cousins. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

ALTHOUGH the complaint is sometimes heard that discussions of democracy should cease and be replaced by action—or by discourse on a less hackneyed theme—it cannot be said that the meaning of the thing itself has been either exhausted or established to everyone's satisfaction. Two new books, by authors of different origins and training, make this point perfectly clear. Professor Stace, a British philosopher and civil servant now teaching at Princeton, offers us a systematic account of what has recently become the prevailing view—the view that the democratic form of government is in some way equivalent to Reason, as Fascism is to Irrationality. According to this view our enemies are attacking Reason and Civilization when they attack us, a democracy.

The representative of the minority view is Mr. Norman Cousins, an American editor and critic. Basing himself on history and empirical observation, Mr. Cousins shows that democracy is a resultant of many ideas and forces in the European past. It has no monopoly of Reason and its opponents are not conveniently gathered in certain countries where Schopenhauer and Nietzsche have had the most influence.

At first sight, it may seem as if Mr. Stace's position were the more fundamental and fruitful. He is apparently going back to first principles and offering what purports to be a logical demonstration. Hence his thesis—the absolute moral superiority of democracy over all other governments—deserves the closest attention. It rests on three propositions: morality is not relative but universal and inherent in mankind; a civilization is an attempt to express what its members think is the good life; the two founders of Western civilization were Plato and Christ. It follows from these assertions that Western man's destiny is to put reason and sympathy above will, which can only be done under the political forms of democracy.

The conclusion in favor of democracy is so likely to be acceptable to Mr. Stace's readers that they will very probably say both Amen and Q.E.D. as they turn the last page of his book. But the Q.E.D. will, I think, be an unwarranted exclamation, uttered in defiance of the author's own plea that we give primacy to Reason. I, myself, use reason against Mr. Stace with a diffidence that comes not from any doubt of his misguided zeal, but from the feeling of tremulous awe that one has before a house of cards. It would be instructive to take it down piece by piece, but I have space only for pointing out a few causes of its fragility.

If we are to follow Professor Stace, we must believe that civilizations embody a single positive moral ideal; that the Axis powers represent a departure from the common European civilization; that Reason and Will are in fact divorcible—so that a given civilization can put one or the other first—and finally, that modern science, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche are jointly responsible for the fascist "heresy."

As a pragmatic historian, I do not see either the historical grounds for these beliefs or their utility in the present situation. Professor Stace is, it seems to me, very free with his historical assertions. He reduces all of Greek history to Athens and all of Athens to Plato. He perpetuates the fiction that paganism was "natural," serene, even joyous. Overlooking the eighteenth century, he tells us that since the Renaissance anti-rationalism has been increasingly powerful; he even commits errors as egregious as calling Nietzsche a disciple of Schopenhauer and of Darwin—as if Nietzsche had not strongly reacted against both in the very philosophy that Mr. Stace attacks him for.

Despite his sincere effort to be fair and clear, Mr. Stace is also guilty of pretty serious misrepresentations. He repeatedly says, for instance, that the relativist in morals denies the truth of any morality. But it is Mr. Stace who will not admit relative truth and who supposes a moral chaos which does not exist. In the same vein he uses "nature," "will to power," and "scientific" in weasel ways that damage his case more than his opponents'. On two subjects only—Equality and the theory of the state as organism—did I find him just and judicious.

—Drawing by Cesare, from "The Good Inheritance."

His final and I may say fatal error, however, is the unsureness of his reasoning. By offering abstractions where concreteness is wanted he deceives himself into thinking he has truth when he has only tautology. He says that true morality urges man to curb his passions, be honest, upright, and sincere. But what code has ever denied this with respect to those whom the code meant to protect? The whole issue between rival codes is: what passions should be curbed, what does it concretely mean to be upright? The author's analogy with "a universal science of medicine" shows up his fallacy. Mr. Stace says that overeating is always bad for health. Of course it is! The word *over* begs the question.

About Reason itself Mr. Stace is just as confused. He insults utilitarians and pragmatists even though he himself uses purely pragmatic arguments on at least eight major occasions, including a most "immoral" one in which he tells us that a "very strong reason" for espousing his "ethical humanism" is that it is "the only one which enables us to refute the moral skeptic." After such a performance as this, one rather questions his right to condemn James, to speak of "poor Kant," and to call Dewey's position "dull and stupid."

In fact, whoever wishes to take in at one glance the hopeless contradiction of Mr. Stace's attempt should, after reading the whole book and purging his mind of the "merely's" and "grossly's" which are used as indirect arguments, return to page 165, where he will find that "Democracy embodies rather a form of the . . . primacy of the will" [*not* Reason]; that it does not "carry out any theory with too rigorous logic"; and that "relentless logic" produces a great mass of misery, which is "perhaps one of the faults of fascism." What the great need was to take us through the paper hoops of circular formulas in order to reach a pragmatism of compromise based on Reason *and* Will, we hardly dare ask of a philosopher who has so obviously put so much good will behind his bad reasoning.

Going from his pages to those of Mr. Cousins is like going from the chalky air of an old-fashioned classroom to the breeze of the open road. The words have a clearer ring, things have a sharper contour, the rhythm and color of the thought are more varied and the funded experience is

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incomparably richer. Mr. Cousins begins with an extraordinarily adroit parallel—or rather he does not draw the parallel but lets you draw it—between Athenian and American history. He deals in principles, too, for he is sensitive to actual differences of scale and of epochs, but he shows the principles in action, briefly and pointedly, in the manner of Montesquieu. This forms the first part of his book.

The second leads us over the bridge from Greece to the contemporary world, particularly the United States of America. With great art the author brings to bear on the ever-present problem of the next step all the considerations of economics, population, political tradition, and psychological habits which are obstacles or promise according to the wisdom of a people and its leaders. Mr. Cousins's firm hold on the organic connections among facts he communicates to his reader, discharging in occasional quiet epigrams the force of his own reflections. As if refuting Mr. Stace's technique, he says: "Orienting a policy according to the theory of opposites and not according to what has to be done will solve nothing." And again: "It is all well and good to talk about democracy in terms of absolute ideals, but let us make no mistake about the pulling power of expediency upon ideals."

The recognition of human purposes does not imply a repudiation of ideals; it rather tells us why ideals exist and how they may be embodied. Since Mr. Cousins holds no such misleading abstraction as that of a divorce between Will and Reason in man, he finds irrelevant the pseudo-Platonic image of a humanity built in sections like a bookcase and occasionally shifting the order of its shelves—now Plato and Reason on top, now Nietzsche and Will. Instead he sees man acting in history and possessed of parts of his experience, for as he finely says, "history and education are synonymous."

This of course precludes the notion of democracy as either the best, the predestined, or the only reasonable government: for otherwise Reason has had but a poor welcome as yet from Western Man. It precludes the fatal a priori division of Europe into civilized and barbarian nations—a division no better than the racialism true democrats wholeheartedly condemn. It precludes, finally, the danger of making some abstraction like Reason or Will explain the innumerable concrete difficulties that beset mankind today. It puts Reason and Will where they belong—in the stream of events. Only there and only in combination can they produce any effects toward the achievement of that satisfactory life which both Mr. Stace and Mr. Cousins clearly desire.

The Ultimate Ordeal

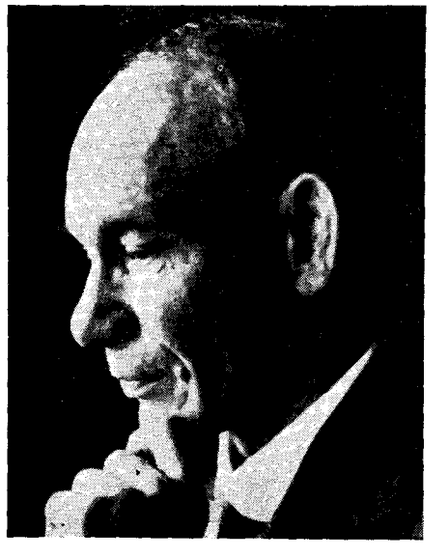
THE WIND IS RISING. By H. M. Tomlinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 271 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by S. K. RATCLIFFE

A BOOK about England and of the blitzkrieg from H. M. Tomlinson could have been taken as one of the certainties of this tremendous day. Although the narrative of travel ("The Sea and the Jungle") which revealed his distinctive quality appeared fully thirty years ago, it was the first World War that shaped this unusual mind and brought material to the talent which we recognized as unique among English writers.

And now of course Tomlinson is an elder; living in a London suburb, sharing in the ultimate ordeal of his nation, and as this volume will enable you to see, making a month-by-month record that future readers will assuredly value as the product of a curiously seeing eye. A seeing eye, and a style that is altogether individual, Tomlinson would be the last to affirm that his wrist for English prose, as a journalist-craftsman of his group in London would have called it, came by nature. His is a carefully devised manner of writing. I have watched it grow, seen it wrought through years of cunning labor until it can command all the difficulties of subject-matter. It is a style of curious dignity, with many a happy little drop into the vernacular; always entirely lucid and with its own undeniable rhythm (there is no synonym for this over-driven word)—a continual refreshment for the reader in this epoch of strange and ugly sound.

Tomlinson is an unmistakable Londoner; he once described himself as a pure East Saxon. He spent his boyhood in East London, and no living writer can know the people of that cruelly blasted region of toilers as he knows them. His temper, and particularly his humor, is the same as theirs—casual, imperturbable, cheerily skeptical. If his own street were wiped out, you could be certain that his first comment would be a piece of ironic scorn, sounding as though he had made a note of it in a Limehouse pub.



H. M. Tomlinson

His book falls naturally into an unprecise diary form. He was one of those who looked on at the apocalyptic scenes on that last Sunday of 1940, the second great fire of London, when a rain of incendiary bombs reduced to ashes the old quarter adjacent to St. Paul's and the cathedral was spared as by miracle. Yet it is not these things that make his theme. The deep strength he feels, the nobleness he celebrates, is the spirit of the common folk, those funny Cockneys he loves, whose grimy little homes raised "an unexpected power against Hitler" and became "the main smoking bastion of the defence."

He has, as he admits, no words in which to praise the young heroes of the fighter planes by whom, against impossible odds, the life of England was saved. So also is it in these pages with the men of the Dunkerque rescue, drawn as they were by means of a miraculous call running all along the coast. Tomlinson is as near to the seafaring men as he is to the Thames waterside, and it is the startling change these fellows have undergone (they see the Hollywood films and listen to the radio) which furnishes him with the text for his concluding analysis and appeal. The machine that has made and is destroying our modern world transforms the life of the sea as of the land. The villages of the oldest littoral become, in the essentials of common living, no different from London or Chicago; and upon this outrageous result of industrialism Tomlinson in his last chapter throws out his challenge to America. "The Mayflower sails erst"—what might that mean? What but the conquering power of mechanism, standardization, mass production, the incredible empire of uniformity, of steel and concrete, which makes our daily living "the consequence of a common tyranny." Hence, as he says, "it is to recognized power that homage always goes." That is and must be so. And yet, at some time, this war will end; and then? For this grave and certainly not despairing son of England, the answer is there is one thing to be done; to enthrone and worship "the better idea."

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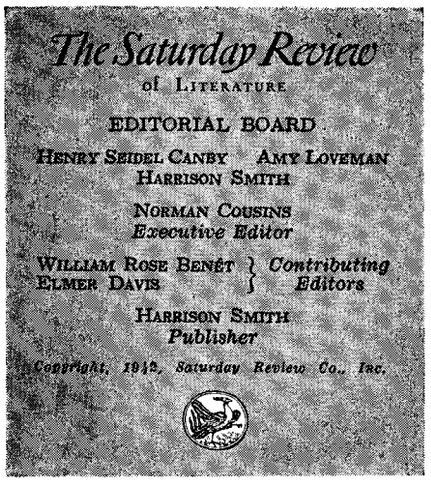

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THE writer who is salting away day-by-day records or notes on living history until such time as they can become part of a complete record should reserve an important place for the date March 15, 1942. For on that day Adolf Hitler rewrote "Mein Kampf" or a substantial part thereof. Speaking at the Zeughaus, the old German arsenal used as a military museum and hall of fame in Berlin, he let drop a remark every bit as significant as his revealing statement of some weeks ago concerning his intuitive powers and the mysterious "call" which impelled him to act. Now it appears that Mr. Hitler holds a somewhat different conception of Germany's history between wars than that which served as the very basis of his best-seller. All these years he has professed bitterness over the have-not status of the German nation. The old saw operates automatically: Germany was robbed and persecuted until she was sick and bleeding. Her people, therefore, demanded, and rightly so, *lebensraum* and a chance to see the sun. And so, though they had little or nothing, they were fighting so that they might have something in life worth cherishing and keeping.

But now it develops that Germany was not such a bad place to live in after all. With the suddenness of a panzer division moving upon a helpless town, Mr. Hitler realizes that the German people aren't really so badly off. He wants them to think about "that world which has become so dear to us." There is almost something nostalgic and romantic about it all, as though he were talking about the good old days.

Now that Germany has overreached herself and finds it difficult to strike out in other directions; indeed, now that Germany for the first time in this war is worried about an invasion of her own lands, the German people are being asked, apparently, to unlearn all their old lessons. If they are to defend Germany properly, they must feel that they have something worth defending. And the keynote of the new lessons, apparently, is that they *do* have a place in the sun and most of the trappings that go with it, and must protect it with their lives.

It is interesting to see the connections at work between offensive or defensive military strategy and internal policy and ideology. A country which thinks or can be made to think it has nothing to lose and everything to gain is willing to lash out, to gear its machinery to conquest. And when military expediency requires retreat, the public psychology must change or be changed to a feeling it is protecting all that is of real value in the world.

This much is evident in Mr. Hitler's speech. But it is also evident in the entire post-war history of the democracies. Liddell Hart and the other leading advocates of a modern defensive war plan did not originate that theory. All they did was to translate the public feeling into terms of military strategy. We thought in terms of the defensive because we were, by and large, a pretty self-satisfied lot as nations go. We had won the last war and could afford the luxury of smugness, which many people professed to see only as disillusion. And so we evolved fancy theories to express that self-satisfaction in a military way—theories claiming that one man on the defensive was worth three on the offensive, that one man with a machine-gun was worth a company on the offensive. As for the dive-bomber and the 70-ton tank—*non est inventus!*

How futile it all appears now. But it is difficult to change overnight the consequences of a generation of attitudes. Lieutenant Col. W. F. Kernan's new book, "Defense Will Not Win the War," shows us how wrong we were, but we would be foolish to blame it all on the military experts, or to expect any overnight miracles. "Offense" is a very popular word right now but the word is important only as it may be translated into military equivalents. Then, too, it is conceivable that under certain circumstances or conditions, offensive warfare is neither possible nor feasible. Ask Adolf.

N. C.

Listen, Brother

By Stanley Young

LISTEN, brother,
And no other:
Now with the toss for blood and pleasure
When the alien wolf howls full measure
Under every sky, listen:
You made this land out of fire and prayer and song
The day long.
Tall town and spreading moor and flowering meadow, yours,
Hold them close in your hand.

Lean your ear to the ground
And catch the full-blown sound
Of your father's labor,
Neighbor.

And well remember that dreaming ragged band
On the white Plymouth sand
With faces tight-pulled against retreat
Who climbed to higher ground
Before they found
You, America, like a dark cup at their feet.

Now with the grass sleeping
And the country's keeping
Theirs no more,
Hallow the open door
Of life and liberty they gave,
That can not close with the grave.
Sit not primly in the towers
In these the fevered hours
When hound and jackal below the hill
Wait the fattening kill.

Strong man in shirt of red, white, black,
Man in the street walking forward, down, up, back,
Pressed with desire, talking,
Do not rock on your heels
While the world reels.

Lean your ear to the ground
And catch the full-blown sound
Of your father's labor,
Neighbor.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Design for Giving"

SIR:—Without commenting upon the merits of all contentions set forth in your editorials "Design for Giving", and "Totalitarian War and the O.C.D." [*SRL*, Feb. 14], I should like to make the following observation:

The lack of interest in contributing books to the Victory Book Campaign would seem to make some other source of supply essential. Is this not an opportunity for the book industry to further serve its country? Why should that industry not work and obtain an appropriation for the specific purpose of purchasing books for soldiers and sailors? I have the impression that everyone realizes, or would realize with a bit of education, the benefits to be derived by our soldiers and sailors from reading books. Is there any industry which merits obtaining a legitimate profit more than the book industry?

JAMES OLIVER BROWN.
New York.

SIR:—Three rousing cheers for your editorial "Design for Giving" but, from experience, I think that at least a part of the failure in the "book campaign" for the Forces lies, not with the would-be giver, but with the fumbling of the agencies for receiving. More than a month ago I notified my nearest branch of the New York Public Library that I had more than a hundred books to give; that, having no car, I could not deliver them. I was told that they would be called for. But they have not been. They are waiting, in cartons, still.

This is only another example of the deficient organization which appears to be inherent in a democracy, even when at war. Due to irresponsibility of those engineering this book campaign (seven million volumes, what?) many hundreds of thousands are, no doubt, reposing in innocuous desuetude upon many shelves, and are likely to continue so.

So I say to those who ask for our books for the Forces: "Come git them" when, as in my case, it is not possible for me to bring them.

H. G. CHASE.
New York.

SIR:—Thanks to your stirring editorial "Design for Giving," I sent my two books for February to the Victory Book Campaign of the *Saturday Review* Family—two books I really wanted to keep! I shall continue to send the two books wanted each month until the *SRL* states otherwise. I think I understand your meaning correctly that you prefer to receive two books per member per month, rather than to receive a deluge of books at one time now and none later. I should add that I was also sufficiently energized by your editorial to stir up a few of my lethargic but well-meaning friends, to the result of transporting for them by my car to our local library some 25 other volumes.

Again, I thank you for rousing me to action which I admit should have been taken before reading your words.

ANNE ELIZABETH JACKSON.
Museum of Fine Arts,
Boston, Mass.

"We invite these gentlemen for atmosphere."

SIR:—It is distressing to know that the Victory Book Campaign has fallen so far short the mark.

But neither your editorial, nor your two column-inch ads will substantially remedy the bad state of affairs.

What's needed is "hoof and mouth" work. Don't discount human inertia, even in an all-out crisis. People, mostly will not go to shelves, cupboards, closets, attics, and cellars to get books —will not trouble to get paper and twine to wrap, will not address, buy postage, etc. What's needed is an organization of, let's say, *SRL* subscribers to volunteer to canvass for books from door to door. Well appearing, well-spoken, credentialed persons prepared to come back another day or to carry off their "take"—would get results.

Why don't you call for volunteers and sponsor the idea. Saturday afternoon squads for busy men, weekdays for women and not-so-busy men.

JOSEPH BLOCK.
751 Gerard Ave.,
New York.

SIR:—One does not usually think of Pittsburgh as the literary center of the country, but when I read your editorial of February 7, I wondered. In the Victory Book Campaign we have topped our quota by many thousands of volumes. Our quota of books for the soldiers was 121,000 and we have collected 138,000 books. The publicity for the campaign was well managed by Mr. Ralph Munn, Librarian of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, our morning paper, gave exceedingly good publicity to the campaign and Boy Scouts, Banks, stores and office buildings, as well as schools, coöperated. The sorting of the books was done by volunteer library helpers, both members of the present staff and retired librarians and teachers. We had all sorts of books, from "Inside Latin America" to the 1900 report of the Agricultural Department, and from Sir James Jeans to Horatio Alger, Jr.

I am sure that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who gave so many millions to make Pittsburgh "book-conscious," would be proud of us.

MARGARET D. GILSON.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR:—I should like to see Norman Cousins's "Letter to a Novelist, 1960" put into pocket-size form for handing out to every young man who enlists, and to every potential enlister, now in school, or not yet of age for service! I am mailing the copy of January 17th to a young friend who has just enlisted in the Air Corps, for he will not get from any officer, so balanced and condensed a statement.

IONE C. DUFFY.
Omaha, Nebraska.

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"Pax Britamericana"

AMERICA AND WORLD MASTERY. By John MacCormac. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 338 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by A. RANDLE ELLIOTT

FOR those who take an Allied victory for granted, one of the leading problems demanding consideration is the post-war relationship of the United States and the British Empire. This is the problem covered by John MacCormac who, since writing his outstanding book on "Canada: America's Problem" in 1940, has been reporting Anglo-American developments in the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*. He is by no means blind to the difficulties immediately ahead, and frankly states that the American "will to isolationism . . . if it persists, might easily lose the war and would certainly wreck the peace." But he indicates his assumption of an Axis defeat by devoting his entire book to "the patent need of an Anglo-American alliance" in peace as well as in war. Under such a "Pax Britamericana," he reasons, democracy would be given not only a victory but a rebirth. To insure this end, the United States must accept world responsibility consonant with its strength.

Paraphrasing Lincoln, Mr. MacCormac pleads that the issue of this war is freedom or slavery, and that the world cannot exist half slave and half free. Even totalitarian Russia, an ally, "could afford democracy in the post-war order we are envisioning [but] in any case the democratic principle is too essential to admit of compromise." The author would restrict membership in the new League of Nations to bona-fide democratic countries, and his new League Covenant would contain a political—and perhaps an economic—bill of rights for individuals as well as for nations. No world-state, however, is foreseen. The best hope for the world, Mr. MacCormac feels, is in the extension and vigorous use of existing wartime machinery for economic and strategic collaboration between the United States and the British Empire, rather than in such a scheme as Union Now.

Unless the United States is prepared to participate in some sort of Pax Britamericana, MacCormac maintains, Britain will be forced into the arms of Germany no matter who wins the war. "The plain truth," he asserts, "is that Britain cannot again run the danger of starvation by airplane and submarine attack. France is discounted as a political force to be reckoned with after the war, owing to its bad military record and its still-unresolved class conflict. The rising prominence of the British Dominions in shaping Anglo-American relations is strongly emphasized. On the other hand [with some lack of both tact and judgment, in the opinion of this reviewer] the author minimizes the role played by the Soviet Union."

"America and World Mastery" is a thought-provoking work that will interest anyone vitally concerned with the shape of things to come. It does not overlook the inevitable economic rivalries and political obstacles that challenge close Anglo-American cooperation in time of peace, but poignantly insists that the dangers of any alternate course make a Pax Britamericana necessary after the war.

John MacCormac

The Wasted Decade

TEN YEARS: THE WORLD ON ITS WAY TO WAR, 1930-1940. By Dwight E. Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 443 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

THE inability or reluctance of free men to comprehend the events of the here and now in relationship to the total stream of change in which they are engulfed has long been a major factor in making democratic action too little and too late in the face of the challenge of the new despotism. Today's alternatives are determined by yesterday's decisions and indecisions. Tomorrow's prospects are determined by the choices made today. Only those able and willing to see as a whole the historical process of our time can orient themselves relevantly toward their world.

The necessary insights can be supplied only by those who take the trouble to present the record in detail and to interpret it within a dynamic frame of reference proceeding from the past into the future. Professor Dwight Lee of Clark University has here made a significant contribution to the kind of historical knowledge which the citizenry of the United Nations needs so urgently. "Ten Years" is a clear and vivid chronicle. It is also reasonably detailed without being heavily documented or tediously "scholarly." It traces the changing pattern of international politics from the crises of 1931-1932, through the Nazi revolution, German rearmament, the Ethiopian and Spanish wars, the diplomacy of aggression and appeasement, the tragedy of Anschluss and the grim comedy of Munich down to the outbreak and early phases of World War II.

This is not the first nor will it be the last attempt to tell the tale of the approach of evening and the fall of night over Continental Europe. The Far East is too much neglected in these pages. The early chapters show evidence of more research and reflection than the later ones. The forest is occasionally lost sight of because of the trees. And on certain questions of judgment and interpretation those who have studied the documents more carefully than Dr. Lee may be disposed to make reservations. But for those who want to read the record of how and why the Western world arrived at 1942, here it is—skillfully presented, well balanced, temperate, critical, and fairly complete. Whether it is, as the jacket blurb has it, "a *must* book for thinking Americans," may be doubted. Like other mortals, most Americans, "thinking" and otherwise, find it easier to sacrifice their fortunes or their lives than their prejudices. Thinking is forever painful, particularly when it presupposes factual knowledge. But for the few who appreciate the need of discovering the facts and taking thought about them, this volume will prove extremely helpful.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts announces an exhibition devoted exclusively to the controversial Comic Strip to be held at the National Art Club Galleries in New York City, for three weeks commencing March 27. The show will include select examples of the Comic Strip Art's "Ancient and Honorable Lineage and Present Day Significance." In this exhibit, the Institute will endeavor to show that the origin of current comic strip art may be traced back through the ages to the time when man recorded events via a series of pictures.

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EIGHTH OF A SERIES

Farrar and Rinehart

EDITH M. STERN

ONE hot afternoon during the hot summer of 1929, young Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., president of the month-old firm of Farrar & Rinehart, paid a sales call on a Detroit bookseller. He was flushed and staggering from the weight of suitcases loaded with about eighteen books—not dummies!—the firm's maiden list *in toto*. The bookseller beamed upon his proud and earnest visitor. "Well, Stanley," he said, "there are so many new publishers these days, it's a pleasure to see an old one like yourself."

Stanley Rinehart and John Farrar had been known as a publishing team for a decade before they launched their own firm. Rinehart did advertising copy and layout and circulars for the George H. Doran Company, later became advertising manager of Doran's magazine *The Bookman*. Farrar, who succeeded Eugene Saxton as Doran's editor, had been made editor of *The Bookman* upon the recommendations of Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét in the early twenties. (At the time he was in his early twenties too; suffered from being called the Bookboy and the general impression that his editorial experience had consisted of reading for Henry Holt & Company. As a matter of fact, he had helped to organize what was tantamount to a publishing house within three weeks, when he served as executive officer of the information section in the Intelligence Division of the Air Corps in France, issuing thousands of confidential pamphlets.) In 1927 when Doran merged with Doubleday, Page, Rinehart and Farrar became directors of Doubleday, Doran. Two years later, when they and Frederick Rinehart, who had also been associated with the George H. Doran Company, founded Farrar & Rinehart, they took with them, by arrangement, about fifty Doubleday, Doran authors, among them Stephen Vincent Benét, DuBose Heyward, a poet named Hervey Allen who was quietly working on a long novel; and certainly not to be forgotten, the mother of the Rineharts, Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose regular production of best sellers greatly aided the new firm.

In continuity and spirit the twelve-and-a-half year old house is twenty-two. It's as difficult for the partners, or for anyone else, sharply to mark its beginning as a separate entity as to set the moment when friendship becomes love. Ask "What's the first book you published?" and Farrar answers, " 'Three Soldiers' "—which bore a George H. Doran Company imprint! Here, then, is no story of an acorn burgeoning into an oak, no long struggle from rags to riches. For all its apparently modest start in small offices at 12 East 41st Street on June 4th, 1929, with only one employee its first week, with sales totalling $26.00 its first month, and with President Stan, Vice-President John, and Treasurer Ted all acting as traveling salesman its first season, Farrar & Rinehart was virtually born grown-up.

Sales for September, 1929, leaped to $46,000. By May, 1931, the original offices were so crowded that a move was made to larger quarters across the street at number 9—"to avoid the necessity," Stanley Rinehart says, "of having stenographers sit in laps to take dictation." The same year Farrar & Rinehart bought the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, and added such substantial properties as Faith Baldwin, Ruth Suckow, Rex Beach, and Louis Golding to an already substantial list. The lusty adult continued to grow, and moved again in 1934, to larger quarters at 232 Madison Avenue, where it now occupies two floors.

The lower, presided over by Frederick Rinehart, is dedicated to the business and clerical staffs, ably directed by Samuel Slaight. Stanley Rinehart and John Farrar have living-room like offices at one end of the upper; Mary Jane Farrell, whose youth belies her long service both with the George H. Doran Company and Farrar & Rinehart, guards a pleasant reception room in the middle; and then, down a long corridor that twists and turns like the narrow hall of an old-fashioned apartment, are the cubby-holes of "Little America"—small, crowded offices with desks and bookcases tucked at odd angles into every available corner.

Most of the employees who occupy them came up by the hard way no more than the firm they serve. Some, like managing editor Adelaide Sherer, are Doran or Doubleday Doran-nurtured. Others have been hand-picked under Farrar & Rinehart's distinctive brand of nepotism, which gives preference to young people who have grown up in a literary and publishing atmosphere on the theory that they make good book-business personnel. Farrar or Rinehart progeny benefit by the system, to date, only through such pin money as they earn by reading juvenile manuscripts—but advertising manager Mark Saxton, also a novelist, is Eugene Saxton's son; juvenile editor Elizabeth Gilman is Lawrence Gilman's daughter; and assistant editor Theodore Amussen practically grew up in Amy Lowell's salon. Associate editor J. King Gordon is the son of the Canadian novelist, the late Ralph Connor; and Jean Crawford, assistant editor, is the daughter of William Crawford of the Journal of Commerce; Faith Ball, art director, is a cousin of Faith Baldwin. The Rineharts are Harvard graduates, Farrar, Yale, and the two universities seem to be as favored on their staff as in government legal departments.

It's a bright and attractive crew, at Farrar & Rinehart. Only three in the place are over forty-five: most are much younger, and a staff conference is like a scene on the stage. Stanley Rinehart—sales and promotion—embodies a casting director's dream of a handsome, sophisticated publisher, as Farrar—editor—fits the role of witty savant. The supporting cast of tall young men, including Philip Hodge, sales promotion manager, and a classmate of Farrar's at Yale; of impeccably coiffed girls wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and business clothes so smart that they suggest a program credit, contribute amusing dialogue, return in kind the sure, incisive and humorous comments of the stars. And as the play proceeds, you find that the leading characters are not so simply defined as they seem. Rinehart knows literature; Farrar has a keen business sense; each handles a little of everything.

Neither is a prima donna. Their employees have an unusual degree of autonomy. At weekly promotion and editorial conferences they report on the week's doings in their respective departments, discuss present problems, set policies. Farrar & Rinehart authors, too, participate often as friendly consultants.

In addition to its intra-office plans and consultations, the firm has a unique promotion system that engages ouside specialists. The Spier-Sussman agency plans advertising. The Farnol publicity office arranges interviews, special stories, and radio publicity, while Helen A. Murphy, in the office, keeps the profession happy with review copies, news notes, and straight

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publicity. Edward N. Mayer, outside mail promotion expert, runs Farrar & Rinehart's mail order campaigns.

Internally, the house has only two special departments: College and Juveniles. College textbooks are the dominion of James Van Toor, who resembles a virile King George. Though the department is only six years old, it has 125 active books on its backlist and publishes about thirty new ones annually, particularly in the fields of social science, English and psychology. Spahr's "Principles and Problems of Economics," Morgan's "Child Psychology" and Loomis's "English" are among the outstanding titles. Sharp and Kirk's "Contemporary International Politics," published 1940, is still going strong, as is also a dollar syllabus, "War and National Policy." At present Van Toor is concentrating on timeliness in college texts, such as "A Free Man's Forum"—essays on the democratic way of life. Just published, "War Economics" includes chapters like "Industrial Postwar Demobilization," "Price Controls," and "Wages and Collective Bargaining in Wartime." It is being issued in a trade as well as text edition.

The juvenile department began with a small list of picture books for the very young, with Lena Towsley's "Peggy and Peter" and Dorothy Sherrill's "The Story of a Little White Teddy Bear" still steady sellers. For the past three or four years Miss Gilman has been working to build her six-to-nine titles with nature books. Stellar among authors for the eight-to-twelves—the Juvenile Editors' Little Problems—is Elizabeth Enright, Newbury Medal winner. But the firm is strongest in its 'teen age publications—biographies and boys' and girls' mysteries.

The general trade list has, erroneously, got the reputation of being strongest on "magazine fiction"—swiftly paced novels like Katharine Brush's, Arlene Corliss's, and Faith Baldwin's. "We like intelligent light fiction," Farrar says, "we do well with it, and we'd rather publish it than phoney non-fiction. But we don't specialize in it!"

Among a list whose backlog sales are twenty-five per cent of the total are the poems of Stephen Vincent Benét; autobiographies like "John Hays Hammond" and biographies like Henry A. Pringle's "William Howard Taft," a number of specialty cookbooks, and a large collection of titles on health and on mental hygiene. The house issues substantial series, like "The Rivers of America," conceived by Constance Lindsay Skinner, edited by her until her death, and now edited by Carl Carmer and Stephen Vincent Benét, or "Labor in Twentieth Century America" with Joel Seidman's "The Needle Trades" its initial volume. There are standard volumes like Bartlett's "Infants and Children," Heaton's "Modern Motherhood," and Jung's "Integration of the Personality" under the Farrar & Rinehart imprint; topical titles such as "Civilian Defense of the United States," "The Axis Grand Strategy" and "The Impact of War," on the current list.

As for fiction writers who live beyond the memory of circulating library patronesses, many of them have developed with the same natural continuity as the house which publishes them. Myron Brinig, for instance, wrote obscurely—and well—before he came into best sellerdom. The firm published two books by Elizabeth Page before her "Tree of Liberty" sold 100,000 copies.

John Farrar

Stanley Rinehart

Not that everything has been smooth for Farrar & Rinehart. It was one of the four publishers who went in for the dollar books that caused such a hullabaloo in the book world in 1930; cleaned up for a while on the project; then abandoned it when the field became overcrowded. In 1936 it sponsored a new corporation, University Books Inc., for distributing the products of the University presses; discontinued it as unprofitable only two years later. Greatest dud of the house was a game book, "Speculation," issued the day of *the* market crash. Only about five copies were sold: the rest were jobbed at five cents each. "And we only got that," Stanley Rinehart says, "because each book had a pencil in it." Ever since, Farrar & Rinehart has been allergic to game books: even Mrs. Farrar, Margaret Petherbridge of crossword fame, publishes with another company.

Biggest seller, as every reader knows, was "Anthony Adverse"—1224 pages for $3.00, published June 26th, in the black year 1933. The book's success made advertising history. As early as April 3rd, letters began going out to the trade. On May 22nd a genteel advertisement in the *Saturday Review of Literature* broke the news of the forthcoming volume to the literate public: it announced 1,000 copies of a syllabus of the book, 350 of them available to the public for the asking. The syllabus has become a collectors' item. Nearly 20,000 copies were sold before publication: second printing was 120,000, and there was no letup in either sales or advertising. In May, 1934, the ads pronounced triumphantly, "On towards a million copies." After the picture production that stimulated more sales and more advertising, the million was topped, and the novel has been translated into eleven languages. Most of the profits from "Anthony Adverse" were put into the development of the college department.

Currently, Farrar & Rinehart is plotting a campaign of similar intensity for their novel "Islandia" by Austin Tappan Wright. It is scheduled for April, and already it is on the letterhead of the firm's stationery. Wright was a Boston corporation lawyer who for thirty years lived in a secret world of his own making, filled neatly and closely written notebooks with 7,500 longhand words on the geology, anthropology, geography, and history of a mythical continent, worked out the genealogy of Islandia's leading families, and drew maps of its principal towns, even of its university. The notebooks, and a novel of almost 1,000,000 words, set on the continent, were discovered upon his death. In addition to the novel, Farrar & Rinehart plan to issue, for a nominal price, a supplementary book containing some of the material in the notebooks, and

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to give "Islandia" their Advertising All, just as they gave it—with results—to "Anthony Adverse."

Farrar & Rinehart contests have had results, too. The Latin-American Prize Novel Contest, run in conjunction with the Pan American Union and *Red Book,* was won by Ciro Alegria for his "Broad and Alien Is the World," has been succeeded by a second Latin-American contest, this time with prizes for a book of non-fiction and a juvenile as well as a novel. Mystery Prize Novel contests, judged by Mary Roberts Rinehart, have added continual mystery novel producers like Elizabeth Daly, Frank Gruber, and Ione Sandberg Shriber to the house's properties.

Clever promotion, like the personal Farrar-Rinehart association with many prized authors, dates back to the old Doran days. Stunt publicity was initiated by *The Bookman,* when it was instrumental in starting the old Wanamaker Book Weeks, and included everything from vaudeville skits to magic. "A Day in a Publisher's Life" was presented by John and Stanley of Murray Hill before an audience of Philadelphia booksellers. During prohibition, publishers Farrar & Rinehart invited reviewers to a Mix-Your-Own-Drink party to celebrate the publication of their "Art of Drinking"; but as each guest tasted every other's concoction, the occasion was more a social than a critical success. Once the house sent orchids to feminine book reviewers because the main character of a mystery novel was an orchid fancier . . .

Today Farrar & Rinehart, like other publishers sensitive to the temper of the time, indulge less in stunt publicity and literary teas at which no tea is served. But, still, you feel that if there's an angle to be pushed these alert, quick-witted, youngish old hands at the publishing game will push it; that for all their delightful banter, their cherished "nut file" of double entendre and screwball letters, their gay and informal office atmosphere, they're serious and sound—experienced in choosing books wisely, and in selling them well.

New Books for L. of C.

President Roosevelt has presented to the Library of Congress twenty-seven volumes from the personal library of his mother, the late Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt. The books were selected personally by the President for the Library of Congress, and nearly all of the volumes are inscribed, or initialed, by Mrs. Roosevelt.

The donation includes books in French and German in addition to English, and the dates of their publication range from 1856 to 1939.

Leslie . . .

HOUSE IN THE DUST. By Doris Leslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 374 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

STIMULATED by the sight of the wreck the Germans have made of her old London home, Jennifer Drew turns back in time from the terrible September of 1940 to recapitulate her life in that house and her escape from it, beginning with the notable year 1878, when she was nine years old. London bore no such scars then. "It was the year that had brought Beaconsfield from Berlin to proclaim peace with honor to the crowds in Downing Street and to receive the Order of the Garter from his enraptured Queen; the end of a decade that had made Victoria an Empress, and swung open the gates of the Suez Canal as the key to her Eastern possessions."

She recalls her first sight of the Queen, the large coming-out parties of her older half-sisters, tyranny at home, the more laughing menage of the O'Connors next door, her agonizing presentation at Court when she curtsied before a very fat, very old little lady sitting at the end of a long succession of brilliant, ugly rooms. Jennifer's mistaken engagement to a rich young snob who would have made her miserable, her deep passion for the beautiful young Irish dipsomaniac she married, and her unsuccessful efforts to save him with the help of the first man she ever attracted form the main movement of the story, but among these major events appears in minute and lively detail the domestic and social routine of a girl growing up in the late Victorian era without any taste for its pattern.

Despite a tinge of romantic sentimentality, perhaps appropriate to its period, the novel has both point and interest, and in some of the characterizations, particularly such secondary figures as Nurse and the addled Aunt Rosie, whose uninhibited references to the bathroom perpetually embarrassed the household, is quite successful. The sharpness and unconventionality of Jennifer herself emerge with refreshing vigor, especially in her disdain for the accepted methods of getting a husband. Illusion is lost, however, in the narrative method itself, where the use of the first person creates in the reader an uneasy feeling of remoteness from the center of the story—as if he were watching someone listening to a tale. The narrator conveys the impression that she is reminiscing more for her own sake than for yours. But maybe that is really a subtle way of establishing Jennifer's personality.

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

"I, TOO, HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA"

Alexander Woollcott writes: "I have been trying for years to persuade Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to write some memoirs and now I know I was right. I, TOO, HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA is a unique and enchanting book." *Illustrated.* $3.00

THE FOREIGNERS

By Preston Schoyer

"An exciting event. Schoyer handles with great brilliance his theme of the impact of the China War on a treaty port and on the aliens rooted there. His heroine is among the very few credible Chinese women in our literature."—*Edgar Snow.* $2.75

MY REMARKABLE UNCLE

By Stephen Leacock

A droll new collection of Leacock's inimitable buffoonery and shrewd comments on a score of topics, drawn from the world about us. "Rich and rewarding."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

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SOAP BEHIND THE EARS
Merriest Book of the Year!
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THE BODY IN THE LIBRARY

By Agatha Christie

"Slickest puzzler you could want."—*Will Cuppy, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "In the upper brackets of excellence."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

$1,000 Red Badge Prize Winner

HEADS YOU LOSE

By Christianna Brand

A detective story that lives up to its title, alternating between engaging scenes of English country life and as puzzling and mysterious a series of blood-lettings as any detective story reader might wish. $2.00

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Beverly-Giddings . . .

LARRISH HUNDRED. By A. R. Beverly-Giddings. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1942. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THIS is the story of "The Kingdom," a fertile peninsula which has belonged to the Larrish family for generations. The Kingdom is the dream of an escapist. It has everything a man could ask for. Game, wild fowl, and fish abound in its woods and rivers. Secluded from the chaotic outside world, the people of The Kingdom live their lives after the pattern of their ancestors. They hunt and fish and sit about the huge fireplaces and porches, smoking, thinking, enjoying a life that is one with the forces of Nature around them. Each season brings different problems, but they can be solved with a bit of planning and patience. And Benjy, the thirteen-year-old second hero of this "Hymn of the Earth," has the most enchanting childhood imaginable.

One can't help being reminded of "The Yearling," although it is probably not right to compare the two. "The Yearling" is the work of a poet and psychologist, despite its folklore, local color, and authentic background. The author of "Larrish Hundred" is a sportsman with a deep and amiable feeling for the spell of the Virginia Tidewater country. There is nothing of the burning passion that consumed the hero of Mrs. Rawlings's novel; there are no figures like Pa or Grandma; the people of The Kingdom are sketches accompanying the descriptions of hunting trips, fishing excursions, and hearty meals.

Only the Negroes appear truly alive. Perhaps it is their dialect which renders them more vivid than the Whites; perhaps it is that the author has a special gift for the description of simple souls. The servants, Elly Lou, Felice, the giant Jason, the city slicker Calland, the fat boy Joel—these are real. Some of their scenes appear as if out of another book entirely: particularly the scene when the disappointed and lovesick Jason goes to consult the Wise Woman at the end of the village and she tells him what will, what must happen to his love. In this incident the author realizes to the full the possibilities of his material.

But even if the rest of the book does not live up to the chapters dealing with the colored folk, "Larrish Hundred" is a pleasant work of perfect untimeliness. No drug could be more effective to make one forget the daily headlines than these descriptions of a huntsman's paradise. What it lacks in subtlety it makes up for in earthiness, and, we are happy to say, earthiness of a gentleman's brand.

★
★ A ★
★ WOMAN ★
★ WRAPPED ★
★ IN SILENCE ★

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—*Phila. Record*

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—*Daniel A. Poling*

"The loveliest thing of its kind this reviewer has ever been privileged to see!"
—*The Churchman*

by
John W. Lynch

$2.00 all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

Davis . . .

THE SUN CLIMBS SLOW. By Julia Davis. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1942. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

THE chief quality in Miss Julia Davis's novel is that of heart. Love of humanity might perhaps be a better wording of it, except for the fact that the meaning of the phrase has been diluted with too much mouthing, as have so many other meanings. Today there is a great deal of anti-axis talk and protestation, but too much of it is too recent. A long time ago people of heart, real lovers of humanity, saw an evil force in its first stirrings, in Munich, in China, in Spain, and knew it for what it was, and felt themselves one with the first distant victims. They knew for whom the bell tolled. Such is the emotion which fills this book, a cry against the monstrosity of fascism and a will to destroy it, not because it has hurt this national pride or attacked that national possession but because it attacks everywhere the existence of human dignity.

We do not mean to describe Miss Davis's novel as though it were a tract, for she has herself taken care to tell her story in simple, human terms. It is about a Spanish loyalist, Jaime Aineto, who loses his wife and

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

JEWS IN LITERATURE

Briefly described below are ten Jews who are prominent in the world's fiction. How many of them do you know? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can also name either the story in which he appears or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. Because he refused to allow Christ to rest at his door while bearing the cross to Calvary, this cobbler was condemned to wander the earth until the end of the world.
2. An attempt to do away with a business competitor by legally hacking off a pound of the latter's flesh resulted in the undoing of this money lender.
3. Kidnapped and hidden in a monastery by a Knight Templar, this beautiful Jewess was condemned as a sorceress by the head of the order, but was freed when her captor died in a trial by combat.
4. This villainous old Jew ran a crime school in London.
5. Through mesmerism, he made a successful concert singer out of a girl who was tone-deaf.
6. As a reward for rescuing him during a naval battle, the admiral of a Roman warship made this galley slave his adopted son and heir.
7. Escaping from a Russian massacre, this young musician found refuge in New York, where he expressed his newfound and ardent patriotism in a symphony called "America."
8. Because this Jewish physician forbade a Catholic priest to attend a girl who was happy because she did not know she was dying, he was dismissed as head of the hospital and sentenced to prison.
9. The Communist lover of this German Jewess was killed by her Nazi half-brother while trying to escape into Austria.
10. When his German business partner allowed his sister to be killed by storm troopers, this San Francisco art dealer kept sending suspicious letters until the German landed in a concentration camp.

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home in the last tragic struggle in Spain, and escapes to America with his two small children. Here he leaves them with a sympathetic friend, an American woman whose husband, too, has been lost in Spain. As Jean Curtis labors to bring the dispossessed, war-shocked children to some sense of security in life, we follow two paths of psychic healing: the children are cured of their psychological hurts by the warmth and eagerness of Jean, and she herself finds slow assuagement of her loneliness, and another chance at wholeness. Miss Davis's treatment of these developments, difficult and delicate, is all that could be desired. Her writing, without being in itself a resounding thing, has all the simple eloquence of truthtelling. Jaime, and Jean, and the children, and others glimpsed more briefly, are parts of a testament of courage, just as the title itself is part of that courageous poem by Clough which Winston Churchill quoted in one of his speeches.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 416)

O. HENRY:

THE HANDBOOK OF HYMEN

"May be," Mrs. Sampson, "Idaho's invitation* was a kind of poetry and meant no harm—the class of rhymes called figurative. They offend law and order but they get through the mails on the grounds that they mean something they don't say."

* "A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou," etc.

THE WILD MAN'S LEXICON

(*Continued from page 4*)

the wild man, who is your true barbarian rather than the uninstructed savage, begins the wars he seems to find some difficulty in finishing. If there is any meaning in this war, it is that we are fighting for Rilke and Beethoven as well as for the tedious Emerson and the unbearable Washington.

There is one bright facet on the surface of this dark jewel. It seems not impossible that our adversaries have on their part underestimated us quite a bit. The huge enterprise of conquest which they have launched seems to imply a contempt for the intelligence and powers of their adversaries. The levity and self-sufficiency of several of our high-ranking officers have conceivably gone a long distance towards making the Japanese War Plans Division, at least, feel justified in their estimate. We must do our best to help them alter their judgment. But we can only do that by working on their real weaknesses, not by talking of their imaginary defects. And their most salient weakness, which for bizarre reasons they have considered to be their principal strength, is their strange belief that physically and intellectually they are better than other men. When it begins to enter their minds that they cannot prove this superiority, other ideas may enter as well, and books like "The Wild Man's Lexicon" may be recognized as the disagreeable curiosities of literature, which in point of fact they are.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEVIL BUILDS A CHAPEL *Melba Marlett* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wealthy Ohioan, his son and two others succumb to devilish devices of callous killer. Local police-chief officiates.	Fantastic trappings of last two murders and unsuccessful attempt may agitate epidermis but solution is much too coincidental.	Passable
KNIFE IN THE DARK *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Macmillan: $2.)	Quiet English college town stirred by stabbing of faculty members' wife at dance. The Warrenders, *mere et fils* solve it.	Enjoyable as picture of educational intrigue in war-time England. Characters sharply drawn. Detecting lethargic and bit too intuitive.	Creepy
MURDER FOLLOWS DESMOND SHANNON *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Red-headed, green-eyed, granite-faced N. Y. investigator has busy vacation solving cyaniding on voodoo-gripped West Indian isle.	Ouangas, bocars, nocturnal rifts, suspicious colonials, misled natives all play part in dauntless Desmond's most colorful adventure to date.	Shivery
TERROR ON THE ISLAND *John Ferguson* (Vanguard: $2.)	Pretty German refugee on invaded Guernsey saved by young Englishman indirectly responsible for her flight from vengeful Nazis.	Pre-war section of book about theft of bomb-sight drawings in Freiburg first class; second part slight let down.	Average

What makes a successful novelist turn mystery writer? That was the first question we asked when RICHARD SALE brought in the manuscript of *Lazarus #7*. "It's a long story," said MR. SALE, and added, reasonably enough, "I think you ought to read this one first." We did. We went even further. We published it.

But after reading *Lazarus #7* 'til four in the morning and *not* putting the light out afterwards, we still wanted to know, being persistent fellows, what makes a novelist turn mystery writer? Six years ago RICHARD SALE wrote his first novel, *Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep*. It was a startling book and got the kind of critical acclaim that would have sent most young writers scurrying back to the typewriter to turn out The Great American Novel. Instead, a murder story, *Lazarus #7*. Why?

It seems there are a couple of reasons. First was the fact that the movies bought that first book (CLARK GABLE and JOAN CRAWFORD in *Strange Cargo*, remember?). RICHARD SALE went out to the coast and, like everybody else, decided to write a book about Hollywood—with one difference: he knew it *had* to be a murder story. Hollywood, he says, is the natural environment for murder. When you meet AL ROCHE, big boss of Mutual Studios, in *Lazarus #7*, you'll agree.

Second reason is that RICHARD SALE is a hobby man. Having run the gamut from electric trains (he's got a cellar full), to first editions of *Nick Carter*, he wound up doing research into medical phenomena. "And where else," he asks, "except in crime fiction, could I show off my collection?"

So this Inner Sanctum Mystery is a double novelty: a murder story by a novelist and a doctor book by a layman. It adds up to a thriller that will have you fearfully taking your own pulse unless there's a doctor in the house. But remember, if you want him to keep his mind on the job, hide your copy of

LAZARUS #7

by Richard Sale

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Sean O'Casey

has a *work-in-progress* that is attracting wide critical attention.

"Pictures in the Hallway"

is the autobiographical study which began with "I Knock at the Door." The boy, Johnny Casside, now has grown into a young man, has had his first romantic experiences, and has joined the theatre. The whole work, many critics predict, will rank, when completed, with Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh."

$2.75 all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Art of Chirico

THE EARLY CHIRICO. By James Thrall Soby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1941. 110 *pp. and* 70 *plates.* $3.

FROM CUBISM TO SURREALISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By Georges Lemaître. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 1941. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

WHEN Giorgio de Chirico, who in his twenties had painted intolerably empty places haunted by shadows, began a long series of mannequin-like figures and white horses, did his inspiration exhaust itself? Waldemar George once indignantly asked, "Who says the art of Chirico has lost its initial power and vitality?" Mr. Soby says that, and most convincingly, in the first English book on Chirico and the first in any language to study in detail his youthful period from 1908 to 1917. Having interpreted the Neo-Romantics in his "After Picasso," and having written for the recent Dali show a brief introduction more illuminating than anything else that has been said on the subject, Mr. Soby now brings a rare combination of scholarship and insight to a painter whose "wondrous poetry" obviously enchants him. He attempts neither psychoanalytical "explanation" nor the rendering of final judgment on the early Chirico; but there is no hesitancy in his statement of Chirico's meaning for our time. These works have had a more profound effect on European art in the first half of this century, he believes, than those of any other save Picasso. The second section of this book assays that influence—on Ernst and the Neo-Romantics, on the Surrealists directly through their response to his paintings and indirectly through the effect which Chirico's art exerted on Breton and Eluard when they were groping toward the formulation of Surrealist doctrine in The Manifesto of 1924. For Mr. Soby, Chirico is indeed the father of Surrealism, since he "foreshadowed that preoccupation with the enigmatic, the reality beyond reality, the reverse side of the apparent, to which many of the most brilliant members of his own and a younger generation were to be passionately addicted."

Writing with a scholar's sense of precedent and continuity, but with less warmth and subtlety of perception than Mr. Soby, Professor Lemaître detects signs of the revolt against rationalism as far back in French literature as Rousseau, and follows the trail of dissent through Victor Hugo, Gerard de Nerval, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Bergson, Jarry, and others to those writers of our time who, working in close collaboration with painters, shaped the philosophy of Cubism and the metaphysical creed of Surrealism. In the course of a long and at times wearisome journey he accomplishes his stated purpose, which is not final evaluation of the literary and artistic manifestations of the modernist movement, but clarification of its basic purposes and its claims. In so doing, M. Lemaître reminds us, if reminder is needed, that Cubism, Dada, and Surrealism are not to be shrugged off as momentary fads or the caprices of a handful of psychopaths. Of modernist conceptions he says, "The continuity of their development and their persistency under various forms throughout several anxious generations, show conclusively that they correspond to something really deep and important in contemporary life." For him, the works of Breton, Apollinaire, Miro, and Dali are "typical products of our troubled, unbalanced epoch." Although one can insist that there are other and more courageous ways of response to our epoch than the way of the Surrealist, one must admit the modernist has a point when he answers the intolerant layman: "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

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it has space enough for the most *sprawling* **signature**

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Petticoat Lane

PETTICOAT VAGABOND in AINU LAND. By Neill James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 318 *pp. With index and maps.* $3.

Reviewed by FAY GILLIS WELLS

THIS latest book in the travel series of the Petticoat Vagabond, resulted from a casual remark by a "tanned, weasened anthropologist" who happened to mention to Neill James "The Hairy Men of the Far North." The Petticoat Vagabond, who has a terrific curiosity and vivid imagination, was intrigued, and, in spite of the growing tension in the Far East in 1940, quickly cut through diplomatic redtape and headed for Hokkaido, in northern Japan, to see for herself.

The result is an informative travel guide to a little known part of the world, with interesting sidelights about people even less known. If "Petticoat Vagabond in Ainu Land" tends to become repetitious it is not the fault of the author, but because everywhere she went the Ainus were exactly the same. Perhaps this is fortunate for the reader, for by repetition, one is impressed with the facts that in Ainu Land the people are incredibly poverty-stricken—they have no industry to earn a livelihood—they live in filth; somehow they seem to survive to great age in spite of disease. Practically all of the women are blind from trachoma, and are tattooed with fascinating blue mustaches—the larger the mustache the more dignified the woman. The men still hunt with arrows tipped with deadly poison against which there is no antidote except to carve out large hunks of flesh around the wound immediately and even then recovery is not guaranteed. Ainu Land is full of ferocious bears which the people kill as part of their religious ritual. Scientists are endeavoring to make a photographic record of this dying race with their disproportionately large heads—there are only about 15,000 of them alive.

Neill James never pampers herself if it means sacrificing an iota of information. She seems indefatigable. Wherever possible she prefers living with the natives to studying them firsthand, in spite of the dirt and discomfort. She reasons she can always be comfortable back home, but she may never have another opportunity to return to Ainu Land. No one can accuse the author of slighting the byways. Miss James has a sense of humor and supreme confidence in her own ability to do what she wants to do.

Judging by her remarks the Petticoat Vagabond evidently has established a reputation for wandering alone through unknown lands, for several times in her current book, she is annoyed at the prospect of having official guides allotted to her by the suspicious Japanese, and she wonders what people will think of the Petticoat Vagabond travelling with an escort. But realizing this time, it is a question of travelling with two Japanese "interpreters," or not travelling at all, she finally submits and leads her companions a merry chase. They regret ever having heard of her.

With all the inconveniences, Neill James seems to have had a good time with the Hairy People of Ainu Land, but the average reader will be glad she made the trip for them.

Slanguage

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG. By Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1942. 1,174 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS massive volume is a scholarly compendium and book of reference, the result of ten years' work on the part of the authors. And what a discouraging task a compilation of this sort must be, with new slang expressions born every minute and a whole nation (or so it seems) waiting to grab them. For example, in this volume one can easily find the ex-

planation of "to lay an egg," which puzzled *New Yorker* readers two or three years ago; but even after diligent search and cross-reference (and the book is notably indexed and cross-referenced) I am still hunting the meaning of a phrase I hear often nowadays, "Cooking with gas."

Words, someone has said, are fossil thoughts; and slang words are the petroglyphs of amateur genius under stress. Most of the language of cant runs in fairly well established channels, its tropes vary but the nature of the imagery persists. Professor Louise Pound remarks in her excellent Foreword, "a sense of the unpredictable workings of the human mind—sometimes amusing, sometimes disconcerting—is borne in upon the reader." This reviewer would lessen the stress on "unpredictable," but emphasize "disconcerting." Humanity has had a lot of fun out of its various humiliations and this book has ginger in its mouth.

The volume covers practically everything, as can be guessed from its main division: Part I:—General Relations, Space, Inanimate Existence, Animate Existence, Personal Characteristics and Activities; and Part II:—Special Slang: The Underworld, Trades & Occupations, Professions, Commerce & Industry, Art, Entertainment, Sports & Games, Transportation, Western, etc.

According to the publisher it is "a book with no end of practical uses," but it's also very amusing.

● "Just what the nonlawyer ought to know."—*William Lyon Phelps.*

● "Can be read easily and should be read widely."—*New York Times.*

● "Keep on hand as a useful reference."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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The Story of Jazz

THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK. By Charles Edward Smith with Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell & Charles Payne Rogers. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1942. 515 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT GOFFIN

JAZZ is one of the brilliant facets of the American genius. As with all important art, there has been a period of lag between the birth of jazz and its adoption, first by the elite, then by the general public. It therefore devolves upon such a book as this to explain from the basis of fundamental researches a musical phenomenon that is nominally familiar to all. Here in this book we have the fruits of the long and arduous investigations by four men into jazz from the period of its birth in New Orleans.

The making of "The Jazz Record Book" must have required the patience of the monks of Chartreux. The authors have combined their critical presentation with an anecdotal point of view which gives their book a strong appeal even to the uninitiated. I sometimes wonder how it was possible that a half-century could have elapsed after the birth of this unique and truly indigenous art before American intellectuals became aware of its importance. Until 1920 no literature appeared about rag-time (which is not to be confused with jazz, of course), nor about blues or even the spirituals. For ten more years, until 1930, America seemed to ignore or disdain the native art of which she would one day be so proud. The final awareness of these treasures came at first not in America, but in Europe, where the intellectuals were bewitched by the vigor and freshness of this music.

"The Jazz Record Book" is a Bible for those who wish a clear picture of the origins and development of the real jazz. In 1937, Charles Delaunay's "Discographie" appeared in France, a worthy but skeletal survey of the recordings to date. The present work is comprehensive and broadly critical. The historical introduction, which deserves to be called a real contribution to one of the sidelights of American history, permits the reader to thread his way through the confusion of the early jazz orchestras and personalities from the early days of Buddy (King) Bolden, the New Orleans barber-cornetist, to Louis Armstrong.

The second part of "The Jazz Record Book" catalogues the important recordings of all time, with rich critical notes about the orchestras, instrumentalists, singers, and numbers. This excellent book takes its place automatically with the three or four books essential to an understanding of jazz. The subject is vast; the future will show that such a book as this has appeared at just the right moment. Those lovers of jazz and collectors of jazz records who are legion in the United States and elsewhere have needed the substantial nourishment that publishers have, perhaps mistakenly, been slow to provide. "The Jazz Record Book" symbolizes the emergence of jazz as an American institution with historical roots, a literature, a sturdy present, and a promising future which, growing by what it feeds on, will be more muscular because of this book.

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, in medieval legend.
2. Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
3. Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.
4. Fagin, in "Oliver Twist," by Chas. Dickens.
5. Svengali, in "Trilby," by George Du Maurier.
6. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.
7. David Quixano, in "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill.
8. "Professor Bernhardi," by Arthur Schnitzler.
9. Freya Roth, in "The Mortal Storm," by Phyllis Bottome.
10. Max Eisenstein, in "Address Unknown," by Kressman Taylor.

Records in Review

By Edward Tatnall Canby

THERE has been a most gratifying output of Schumann recordings in the last year or so, notably three great symphonic recordings, the first, third, and fourth symphonies. Schumann's shorter works however, are often his best, and new recordings of the *Dichterliebe* songs by the incomparable Lotte Lehmann with no other than Bruno Walter at the piano C M-486) and of the beautiful *Andante and Variations,* opus 46, for two pianos by Bartlett and Robertson (C X-213) will be welcomed by all who have been touched by Schumann's peculiar brand of heartfelt poignancy. Lehmann is a veteran on records, yet it is amazing to note that her voice improves with every recording, her technique is tighter, more accurate. her tone less forced than on older records. Without question she is our foremost *lieder* singer, comparable to the great Flagstad in the field of opera. Both of these women are inspiring examples of that consummate musical intelligence which alone can bring life to a fine vocal instrument. . . . Mr. Walter's pianism is competent, but tinnily recorded. Bartlett's and Robertson's playing lacks again a real sense of legato, especially in the more rapid passages of the Variations, but the music comes through nevertheless. Debussy's arrangement of the *Etude in form of a Canon* (op. 56) is as lovely as the *Andante* itself.

★ ★

Rudolf Serkin and Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic do a newly definitive job on the Beethoven *Emperor* concerto, one of the best recordings Columbia has released. (C M-500) Serkin is one of our most fiery pianists, though his relative youthfulness accounts perhaps for a less solid and massive treatment of the weightier portions of this work. Labels on my review copy are quite insane; perhaps Columbia changed them in later issues. . . . Another Beethoven, less satisfactory, is the Sonata op. 81a *("Les Adieux")* played by Rubinstein. (V M-858) A combination of recording and performance make this set something less than A1, though it is hard to be specific in few words. Few piano works earlier than 1830 record well, for purely technical reasons. . . . A fine performance and a good recording of Brahms's *Tragic Overture* is found in Columbia's X-214. The odd-side Minuet from the Serenade No. 1 (op. 11) is one of my favorite pieces.

Shostakovitch's (Szostakowicz') Sixth symphony (V M-867) begins in vein of the Fifth, but, surprisingly, continues with two short and very lively movements reminiscent of the First, and, incidentally, reeking of Prokofieff. I am still persuaded that much of this composer's appeal is the superficial one of style and mood, but I will interfere with nobody's right to enjoy its positive virtues.

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The Crostics Club

NOT long ago a young matron sent me a letter of protest. Her octogenarian grandmother forgot the agony of a broken hip in Double-Crostics; her mother sold them enthusiastically in her Gift-shop; She herself had been induced to try them; what did she get out of them? Words she'd never use, a quotation that wasn't worth the puzzling.

In defense, let me take the quotation first. It was an extract from a letter dated Paris, Sept. 23, 1830, written by Lafayette to James Fenimore Cooper thus: "Briefly, what is the government control over the theatre of New York? Are there any restrictions to prevent the difficulties which might arise through the presentation of certain plays? Are new plays subject to any censorship?"

To be sure, the selection is not poetry worth memorizing, nor a profound philosophical nugget, nor a museum period piece, but isn't it *timeless?* Space and time vanish and we are in New York today. Have we profited by over a century of experience?

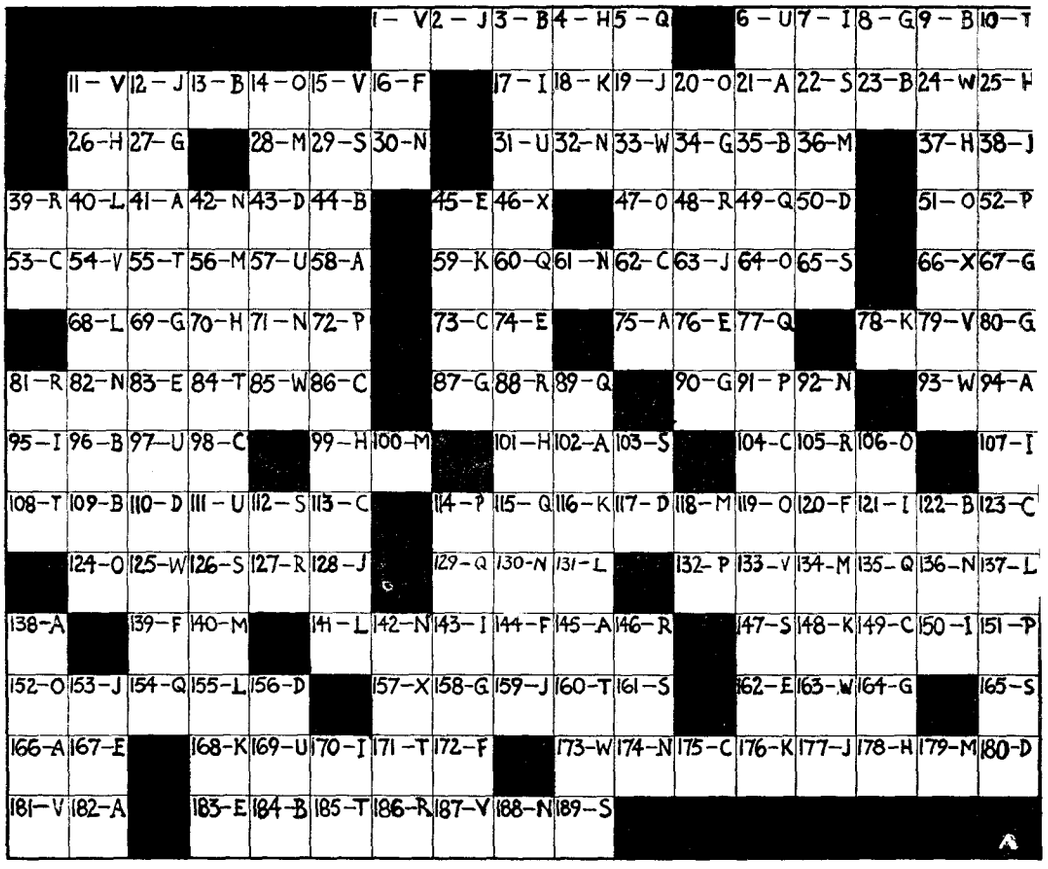
I recall a note similarly from Samuel Pepys to a friend in November, 1700, bewailing the complexion of affairs in Spain which changed with the days and responsibility for which was shifted from one nation to another. Or a letter from Madison in *The Federalist* of 1800, in defense of a certain amount of power given to the Government under the new Constitution, citing the vulnerability of New York and the necessity of protecting it at once for the sake of the rest of the country. I revel in this timelessness!

What sort of quotation do you prefer?

As for words, I mentioned my find of *Serendipity* in an earlier comment. When I came across it in Webster I was allured by its onomatopoeic quality. A month later in Carolyn Wells's "The Rest of My Life," in questioning the validity of such axioms as "A little learning is a dangerous thing," she cites knowledge one may never have to use, and adds as an illustration the fun of knowing a word like *serendipity,* even though you may never have a use for it. Later in rereading Crothers's volume of essays, "Humanly Speaking," I found his addition of *Serendipity* to the list of traditional virtues. Finally, in large letters was the subject *Serendipity* to be used by Dr. Walter Cannon of Harvard in an annual address before the Wellesley chapter of Sigma XI, interpreted by him as the accidental findings of medical facts of benefit to humanity. When I wrote to find the source of his use of the word, Mrs. Cannon said he had taken it *directly* from Horace Walpole's Letters.

Is no one sufficiently brave or wise to reply to my query in a past column as to *What is Slang?*

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 417

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Moments or details of vivid interest (2 wds.)	166 41 58 102 145 94 182 75 138 21
B. Not made official note of.	184 122 23 3 13 35 96 44 9 109
C. State of being unsteady on the legs.	149 98 73 123 175 53 86 62 104 113
D. Depended chiefly for validity (with *on*).	50 180 117 156 43 110
E. A dog of African breed that does not bark.	45 162 83 167 74 183 76
F. Former name of Tokyo.	120 144 172 16 139
G. Rubbed; grated on.	87 27 67 8 34 80 69 90 158 164
H. To flatter, wheedle or gush over (comp.)	4 26 178 101 25 99 37 70
I. Applied to a *net* for casting.	17 7 95 170 143 121 150 107
J. Dominion or authority in sacred things.	128 177 19 159 12 63 38 2 153
K. Lines fastening the corners of an awning to the stanchions.	59 78 18 148 176 116 168
L. Void of interest or satisfaction.	68 131 141 40 155 137
M. Kinship generally; resemblance.	134 140 100 118 36 56 28 179
N. Famous Cemetery of Paris.	61 30 42 142 136 32 188 130 71 174 82 92
O. One who insults another to the face.	20 119 152 14 64 106 124 47 51
P. Places in a position to attract veneration.	72 151 132 91 52 114
Q. Purely intellectual or cognitive.	5 135 154 77 129 89 60 115 49
R. Appellation of Kansas as a State.	146 39 105 48 186 127 81 88
S. He enjoined the Labors on Hercules (Gr.)	103 126 65 161 112 165 29 189 22 147
T. Traditional discoverer of North America (1000 A.D.)	10 171 84 160 185 108 55
U. English philosopher (1642-1727).	31 111 169 6 97 57
V. Artistic products for which Whistler was renowned.	15 1 79 133 187 181 54 11
W. Wise and faithful counselors.	93 24 163 33 85 125 173
X. Hebrew word used in the names of various Jewish feasts.	46 66 157

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TRADE WINDS

OUR WASHINGTON SCOUT reports that ninety per cent of the famous authors that you once found playing gin in the MGM commissary are now pacing restlessly up and down the anteroom to Archibald MacLeish's sanctum, trying to get jobs in his Office of Facts and Figures. *The Hollywood Reporter* is authority for the story that Edna Ferber declined to be a member of this group. "I want to help the Government in Washington," she is said to have told William Allen White, "but I don't want to be a writer. I want to do something else. What can I be?" "Well," said Mr. White, "you can always be a battleship" . . . The same frequently astonishing journal reports that a film director, born Sam Spiegel, has changed his name by court order to S. P. Eagle.

BOB CONSIDINE's biography of General MacArthur, now appearing serially in the newspapers, will be published in book form by David Mackay. . . . Lewis Gannett nominates Samuel Morison's life of Columbus as the most distinguished book thus far published in 1942, and Robert St. John's "From the Land of Silent People" as the best of the war books. . . . Up Boston way, Houghton Mifflin and Little, Brown make an annual wager on the comparative sale of each publisher's best-selling new book in five categories. Little, Brown won four out of five "firsts" in 1941, with a resultant banquet so splendiferous that Alfred McIntyre foreswore a trip South to be in at the kill. . . . It is just possible that readers of Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" will remember that the book ended with the fair Zuleika deserting a decimated Oxford and descending upon Cambridge. Mr. S. C. Roberts, Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, tells what happens to Zuleika in Cambridge in a pamphlet that Macmillan proposes to release in April at the modest sum of fifty cents.

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE engaged a commercial photographer to take a picture of their serious-minded young Hindu author, Krishnalal Shridharani, ("My India, My America") at the feet of the venerable Rabindranath Tagore, with whom he studied in his youth. The commercial photographer, whose knowledge of Indians seems to be confined to the Cleveland Baseball Club, submitted his bill: "24 glossy 5 x 7. SHRID WITH TARZAN." Du sent him his ten dol. . . . David Ewen has contracted with Henry Holt to write a biography of George Gershwin for younger readers. Clifford Odets is on the Coast doing a film version of Gershwin's life for Warner Brothers. Meanwhile, the revival of the magnificent Gershwin operetta, Porgy and Bess, is the sensation of Broadway. The only pity of all these goings-on is that Gershwin himself is dead. How he would have loved to see them!

AT A RECENT dinner party the eminent John Gunther found himself sitting next to Lily Duplaix, the orchidaceous wife of George Duplaix of the Artists and Writers Guild. Mr. Gunther, with unfailing charm, set about winning Mme. Duplaix's heart, but unfortunately, when he was introduced to her, he caught her name as Lilly Daché, the famous milliner, and accordingly spent most of the dinner telling her everything that he knew or thought about ladies' hats. Mrs. Duplaix listened in somewhat astonished silence, and directly after dinner, sought out her host. "Your Mr. Gunther," she pronounced, "shouldn't drink so much!" . . . With Evaristo Murray off to the Army, Arthur Brentano, jr. will supervise the buying of the Brentano retail bookstore chain—an appointment that this column applauds with gusto. Brentano is still the most potent name in the retail book world of America, and we wish we could persuade the president of the corporation to open a dozen more branches in key cities that are sadly lacking a good retail bookstore today. The pres., however, is Stanton Griffis, who runs Paramount Pictures and Madison Square Garden as sidelines, and hasn't enough Time on His Hands. Mr. Griffis is the man who signed Bob Hope for Paramount. That's like a publisher getting six Book-of-the-Month Club selections in a row. At a recent dinner, Mr. Griffis introduced Mr. Hope with these lines: "I want to present the funniest comedian in pictures, one of the screen's handsomest leading men, and the fellow who wrote this introduction for me—Bob Hope." . . . Speaking of dinners, E. Phillips Oppenheim says that he has one sure-fire formula for innumerable occasions on which he is called upon, without warning, for a few remarks. He clears his throat with a series of garrumphs, and declares severely, "As King Solomon remarked to the Queen of Sheba, 'Madame, I did not come here to speak!' "

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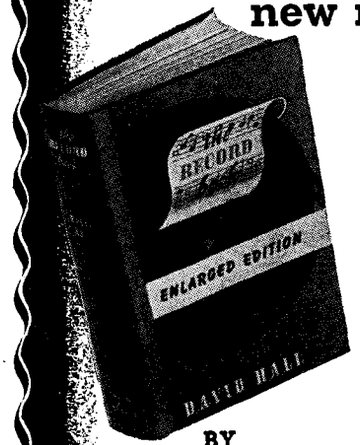

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